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AMES' SERIES OF
STANDARD AND MINOR DRAMA.
NO. 116

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H A S H.

WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES, AND EXITS, RELATIVE POSITIONS
OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, DESCRIPTION OF COS-
TUMES, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS,
AS PERFORMED AT THE PRINCIPAL
AMERICAN AND ENGLISH
THEATRES.

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H A S H !

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WITH A DESCRIPTION OF COSTUMES, CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,
RELATIVE POSITION OF PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, ENTRANCES
AND EXITS, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

As performed at the principal American and English Theatres.

Correctly printed from the Original Manuscript of the Author.

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A. D. AMES, PUBLISHER.

[1880]

PS 635
.29 W7162

HASH!

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

Erastus Hemlock.....From Varmount.
Hamilton Gower.....Laboring "Pro bono publico."
Horatio Baker.....A Play Writer.
Skip.....Colored Waiter.
Mrs. Matilda Vine.....Boarding House Keeper in New York.
Nettie Vine.....Her Daughter.

PERIOD—PRESENT.

Time of Representation—Thirty minutes.

COSTUMES.

Erastus Hemlock—Long frock, tall white fur hat, thick boots, cane and standing collar.

Hamilton Gower—Foppish dress, with much jewelry, eye glass, etc.

Horatio Baker—Plain dress, hair hanging in ringlets to his shoulders.

Skip—Waiter's dress, with white apron on a portion of the time.

Mrs. Vine—Plain dress, with hair in "French twist" at back.

Nettie—Plain dress.

H A S H.

SCENE.—*Mrs. Vine's Boarding House. Table L. C., Chairs R. L. and C., Lounge R. C. back.*

Enter Mrs. Vine R., with chopping tray and knife, seats herself at table and chops during the following.

Mrs. Vine. I declare it's enough to try the patience of a saint! I've tried my best to keep a respectable boarding house, but the fates seem to be against me. At first, business seemed flourishing, and money came in generously, but lately there's seemed to be a change come over my boarders—what few I've got left—they all seem dissatisfied, and for what cause I cannot divine, at any rate they're leaving one by one. And what's more mysterious about it, they'll give me no reason for doing so. If things keep on this way much longer, I shall have to close up the house and go back to the country. One thing I am determined upon, and that is to find out, if possible what causes the dissatisfaction. (*looking R.*) Ah, here comes Baker, I'll see what I can find out by him!

Enter Baker, R.

Baker. Busy as ever, Mrs. Vine, preparing for the wants of your household. (*aside*) I should think that old hash tray would be worn through the bottom with her everlasting chop, chop.

Mrs. V. Yes, Mr. Baker, women who keep boarding houses never find many spare moments. But with all my labor, and efforts to suit my customers, I meet with little reward. Only last week Mr. Jones vacated No 11 and to day Mr. Cook has gone leaving No 7 vacant, and neither would give me any reason for doing so. Can you give me any light as to the cause Mr. Baker? If so speak freely, I'm sure I do my best to please you all.

Baker. I'm sure Mrs. Vine, I've never given you any cause to complain. (*aside*) I could enlighten the old lady some but she'd scratch my eyes out if I told her the truth. (*aloud*) I believe I've paid my bill regularly every week, Mrs. Vine?

Mrs. V. Oh, Mr. Baker, I've not a word of fault to find with you! and for that very reason I have appealed to you to give me some information on this distressing subject. My boarders as you see are all leaving me, and I expect every day when you and Mr. Gower will be doing the same.

Baker. I'm sure I hope not, Mrs. Vine, and I hope you will not entertain any such thoughts. If I have any fault to find I shall not be afraid to come to you with it. (*aside*) She'll hear from me before long too, on the subject unless something new turns up in the hash department. (*aloud*) I am going up to my room now, Mrs. Vine, when the postman calls, if there are any letters for me please be so kind as to send them up to me. (*exit L.*)

Mrs. V. I am just as much enlightened as I expected to be. It's plain to me that Mr. Baker evaded me, I am well satisfied that he knows more than

he is willing to impart. But I have endeavored to fathom this mystery, and when once Matilda Vine undertakes a thing, she is not the woman to be turned from her course by any common obstacle.

Enter Nettie, R.

Mrs V. Well!

Nettie. Well! it's not well, but bad. What's come over everybody lately?

Mrs V. That's what I've determined to find out. But what's happened, more boarders leaving?

Net. Yes, Mr. Crabber in No. 12 has gone, and his things are all packed, and the expressman is to call for them after dinner.

Mrs V. Who told you so?

Net. Mr. Baker told me so, and you know Mr. Baker's word is to be relied upon.

Mrs V. Of course you think so. He just went from here, and he never so much as hinted at such a thing. Why didn't he tell me? I'm sure he had ought to certainly, when I questioned him as to the cause of so much dissatisfaction. But I suppose I'm not in his confidence so much as some others in this house are. Horatio Baker's a deceitful man, so there now, and I believe he's at the bottom of the whole trouble.

Net. Oh, mother, how can you say that? I'm sure Mr. Baker has never given you any cause for such language. And if he knows what has caused the trouble I'm sure he's never mentioned it to me. He employs his time to better advantage than that.

Mrs V. Well, perhaps he does and perhaps he don't, that's for us to find out. He keeps himself shut up in his room most of the time, and I for one am ignorant of what he busies himself about, though doubtless you know?

Net. To be sure I do, he's a dramatist—a play writer. I wish you could read his last farce, I'm sure you'd almost die laughing.

Mrs V. Humbug! Pretty business for a man to throw away his time upon. But come, dinner must be prepared for what there's left with us. *(rises)*

Net. What are you going to have for dinner to day, mother?

Mrs V. Hash, of course. All people like hash, and it's a great deal cheaper. You can work everything up clean you know, nothing goes to waste, and if any is left, it's just as good warmed over. Besides we've got to economise if things go on in this way much longer. *(exit L.)*

Net. I declare it's nothing but hash, hash, hash. I for one am heartily sick of it. *(exit L.)*

Enter Skip, R.

Skip. Nebber did see no sich times. Every body leavin' like de small-pox was in de house. Ole Crabber in No 12 has vamoosed, only last night I hernd him tell Mr. Hamilton Gower dat he couldn't stan' it any longer, said he was hashed to def. By Golly, I tinks it begins to tell on dis chile, my stomach 'gins to feel like it is lined with buffalo skin. *(knock R.)* Who am dat? *(goes to door)* Dis way, sar, walk in sar.

Enter Erastus Hemlock R., with a long frock and white hat on, cane.

Erastus Hemlock. Wall I don't keer ef I do. Say, you feller is this a hash house, where they board wash and lodge fer three dollars an a 'af a week, coz ef 'tis I want to stop with ye a spell.

Skip. Yaas sir, you's got it right de fust pop. Guess you's 'quainted wid dis institution?

Eras. Waal now yer jokin', I never's in this town afore 'n my life. But I had kinder of a hankerin' tu see the sights, so I thought I'd come down. Sister Saphroneey said my clothes wan't good 'nuf, but I told her the folks in New York wan't any better than the folks up in Varmount, an' I warn't goin' tu pay fifteen dollars fer a bran new rig unless I needed it. 'Twant

because I ain't able, but 'taint my way tu buy a thing'n less I need it. I guess I look as well's they'll average, don't I, hey?

Skip. Oh yaas sir, dat's a beautiful robe you's got on, only I tinks it would look better if it was cut a little more gorin'.

Eras. What time'll dinner be ready, I'm hungry enough to eat a raw dog?

Skip. We always cooks our dogs here, sir. Bring you some right up here in a few minutes, sar.

Eras. Waal I guess ye better. Sister Saphroney put me up some nut cakes but I stowed away the last one airley this mornin'.

Skip. All right, sar, make yourself at home. (*going L.*) I'll have it ready in a few minutes. (*aside*) Dat mus' be a member of de rag, shag, an' bob-tails, an' he's forgot to take his Fourth of July rig off. (*exit L.*)

Eras. (*sits on lounge*) Waal now, this 'pears like a tip top place, I wish I knew where Matilda lived, I suppose she keeps a boardin' house down here some wheres. Matilda used to be kinder sweet on me arter her husband died, but I presume I might travel half a day and then not find her. I own I'd give a quarter to see the old duck, but then like's not she's got married again. I asked her once tu hev me, but she was left spring poor, and bein' rather proud spirited, she put me off an' cum down tu New York an' started a boardin' house. I kinder thought then ef't hadn't been for my money she'd had me quicker'n you could say Jack Robinson. Most folks wouldn't called money any objection, but Matilda wanted tu bring her share into the family and I think the more on her for her independence.

Enter Hamilton Gower, R., Erastus rises.

Eras. How de du, squire? I'm goin' to board here a spell, I suppose you belong here, don't ye? I allus like to git acquainted.

Hamilton Gower. Yes sir, I'm a boarder here, sir. (*aside*) Some old stranger from the country I'll be bound, he'll make a jolly addition to our set. (*aloud*) From the country, sir?

Eras. Waal yaas that's whar I hail from, up in Windsor county, Vermont. Nice place up thar, squire. We have huskins', apple parin's, quiltin's, tin weddin's and scociables.

Ham. Oh yes, I dare say. Vermont is a charming state, one of the most healthy and picturesque in our whole grand Union. And her people are among the most intellectual and well informed of any in America, and that's saying a great deal, sir, America is a great territory Mr.—Mr.—

Eras. Hemlock, Erastus Hemlock. You du know a thing or two about Vermont, don't ye squire? I wouldn't hev give ye credit fer so much common sense, jist by lookin' at ye Mr.—

Ham. Hamilton Gower, sir. But as I was saying Mr. Hemlock, you should feel highly honored to have been born in your native state. It's a privilege few can boast of. I am free to say Mr. Hemlock, that your state has often been held up to me as a state of great minds, whose mighty brains comprehend the whole scope of life, and who are so much at home upon the more obstruse questions of the day, as upon the more trifling ones relating to our social situation in general. Mr. Hemlock, accept the spoken diploma of my most distinguished consideration.

Eras. (*astonished*) I say I'm alfred hungry.

Ham. Oh, certainly. But on this financial question?

Eras. I didn't say anything.

Ham. I beg pardon, but of course you have an opinion?

Eras. Oh, yes, squire.

Ham. Which is—

Eras. My own.

Ham. Of course. The opinion of every man is his own, but in our great and glorious country, where everything is—excuse my latin—*Pro bono publico*, why, the opinion of great men, or leading men is of value to the commonwealth. I am asked for mine every day.

Eras. Gosh all firelock! I hain't asked you for it, have I? No, because when I'm tu hum I'm among a set of folks who mind their own business, and know full as much as I du. I don't know nothin' about your "Bro pony republicans."

Ham. Ah, certainly, but what are your ideas regarding the national banks?

Eras. My idea is, that they're an alfred good thing, and I'd like to own three or four of 'em.

Ham. Very true, Mr. Hemlock, very true, and I wouldn't object to carrying one myself. But looking at it as financiers and statesmen do, what have you to say regarding them?

Eras. Not a darned word, Mr. Gabbletongue Hower.

Ham. But you certainly can express an opinion?

Eras. Of course I can. I tell you I'm half starved.

Ham. Beg pardon again, Mr. Hemlock. No doubt you'll feel more like conversing on this interesting subject, when you have a full stomach.

(*exit L.*)

Eras. (*taking a long breath*) W-h-e-w! Must be he's just been eating quite hearty if that's the case. But why don't that nigger bring along my victuals.

Enter Skip with tray which he places on table and arranges.

Eras. Ah, you've got along, haint you. I'm half starved.

Skip. Here's hash wid beet in it, an' dar's meat wid hash in it, an' dat's hash wid turnip, an' here's venison hash an'—

Eras. It strikes me that altogether it's a pretty hashy mess. But hum-soever I'll try and make it go me 'till dinner's ready. Look a here, how many kinds of this stuff does this mill grind out?

Skip. All kinds sar. We has all de delicases ob de season. An we puts 'em all into hash. It's so handy you see.

(*exit L.*)

Eras. (*eating*) Well, if this don't beat all natur. I guess ye wouldn't catch Sister Saphroneys settin' sich grub as this afore strangers. I spozed folks tu New York lived on better victuals 'n this. This is wus'n Aunt Jerusha Pinchback eatin' johnney cake soaked in beef's lard.

Enter Mr. Baker, L.

Baker. Excuse me, I did not know strangers were present.

Eras. It's all right, squire. Do you live here?

Baker. Yes sir, I'm stopping here at present. But why do you ask?

Eras. I thought I'd ask ye what they's goin' to hev fer dinner.

Baker. I believe we are to have hash to day.

Eras. By thunder! then I might as well pitch in now. How many times a day do they have hash here, Mr.—

Baker. Baker sir. Horatio Baker author of the *Murdered Countryman*.

Eras. What in fury did they kill him with—hash?

Baker. Oh no sir, that's the name of a play of mine. A regular bloody one I can tell you. We only have hash three times a day, unless you eat between meals. Going to remain long with us sir?

Eras. I presume not long ef I've got to eat hash, I wonder if it's an easy death to die?

Baker. I mean are you going to board here, while in the city. You are from the country I take it.

Eras. Now how in thunder did you find that out, I'd like to know.

Baker. I judged so from your appearance.

Eras. Oh, I suppose you mean my clothes. Well I've got money enough tu buy more if I want em.

Baker. No offense I assure you. When an opportunity presents pray call up to my room, and I'll read you the *Murdered Countryman*. (*exit L.*)

Eras. I swan to Moses, I wish I'se safe back tu hum. I've a good mind tu go out and try and hunt up Matilda.

Enter Skip with a large box under his arm.

Skip. (looking through cracks in box) Keep still in dar, I'll soon fix yer. By Golly, aint dey fat!

Eras. (turning round) Say feller, what yer got thar'n that box?

Skip. Young puppies sar, nice ones, six on'em sar. I 'clar it seems mos' to bad to kill 'em, but I'se got to 'bey missus' orders. Dey'll make lots ob hash, sar.

Eras. (jumping up) Du you mean tu tell me they make hash out of such things?

Skip. Sometimes sar. We've used up quite a number dat way lately. What's de matter, sar?

Eras. Du you think I'm goin' tu live in such a place as this? You can tote them things right away I've been to dinner. But I spose I've got tu hev a place tu sleep but I'll get my fodder into some of the groceries. Where ye goin' to put me, I'm goin' out tu see the sights an I want tu pare my corn afore I go. Guess my butes are a leetle tu small.

Skip. (aside) By Golly, I can hardly hoid in, I'se so pleased. (aloud) I'll show you de way, right dis way sar. (exunt L. 1 E.)

Enter Mrs. Vine L. 2 E.

Mrs V. I don't know but I shall have to give it up. If it would do any good I'd cry—I wish I'd never come here, I've a mind to go back to the country. What a fool I was when 'Rastus Hemlock asked me to marry him. I know he's a little odd, but he has got a kind heart and plenty of money, and then I wouldn't have been obliged to work like a slave from morning till night, and displeasing every one besides, but the milk is spilt—and I'm an old fool. (exit E.)

Enter Mr. Baker and Nettie L., he has his arm about her waist.

Net. Oh Horatio, I'm so flustered and it's so sudden you know.

Baker. Never mind that—(both sit on lounge)—and besides you could not have been blind to the fact that you have long been the idol of my heart's most tender emotions, the light of my life, and the sunflower of my future hopes and aspirations. Only say that my warm affection has found a resting place in your breast, that your tender heart beats alone for your Horatio.

Net. Oh Horatio, how could you have read my heart so plainly? For weeks you have been the beacon light that guided me on, but I have hardly dared hope that you, an author, would condescend to think of a little body like me. But if you can, Horatio, I am yours. (rests her head on his shoulder)

Baker. What joy, what rapture, unforeseen—

Net. Horatio dear, it's just like a play, isn't it?

Baker. Yes my bird, there's but one thing more before the curtain falls.

Net. Pray tell me what it is.

Baker. This! (kisses her)

Enter Erastus Hemlock L., at the same moment—both jump up.

Eras. Well I swan! That's just the way they du it up in Varmount. Now when Aunt Jerusha Pilikin Horn had her quiltn' in the evenin' the boys an' gals played—

Baker. Never mind, Mr. Hemlock, I shall make no excuses. It's the way of the world, but I think I can trust you to not mention what you may have seen or heard?

Eras. Sartin. They all do it, I know how it is my self. I wou't say a darned word tu nobody.

Baker. You're a trump Mr. Hemlock. (*to Nettie*) Come my dear, let's take a walk. (*to Hemlock*) Pray excuse us. (*both exit B.*)

Eras. Now I wouldn't mind bein' in that chap's place myself. It makes me think of the time when Matilda an' I used to go to Rome together at the apple parin's.

Enter Hamilton Gower L.

Eras. (*aside*) Old wind mill's come again!

Ham. My dear sir, I omitted to ask your opinion in regard to the coming campaign up in Green Mountain State.

Eras. No matter! What's your opinion uv this big iron bridge over yonder?

Ham. Ah! now then, we are coming nearer home. I am glad sir, that your great mind comprehends every thing far and near. Well my opinion of the Brooklin suspension bridge is that it will be a success. I have watched it from it's inception, and as stone rose upon stone, I have said to myself that success will surely attend it's completion. And while it has been building I have congratulated myself that I am an American, and that this wonderful achievement of engineering is the result of American brains.

Eras. Oh you do, eh? Don't you think it'll be purty costly achievement?

Ham. Why my dear sir, I'm surprised to hear you ask such a question. You might with just as much propriety ask about the cost of our streets, our railroads, and whether they will pay or not. No sir, it is not a question of dividends. *Pro bono publico*, as I said before—and trust you will excuse my Latin. Yes sir, it is for the public good, and such a thing as the cost of it, should never be taken into consideration. I for one should be proud to pay my share of the tax that may result from it. Our children, and our children's children will see it just as we see it to day, and—

Eras. Darn it, I hain't got no children—

Ham. And we, as Americans should be proud that—

Eras. Who said anything about bein' proud. (*getting excited*) If you don't hold on I'll run my fist down your gas pipe and—

Ham. Proud sir, that such a monument of wonderful ability—

Eras. Oh I wish I'se back with sister Saphroney—

Ham. Raised it's ponderous, but graceful proportions in our day and generation. Why sir, I'm astonished—

Eras. You might as well try to stop a bullgine under full steam with a percussion cab.

Ham. I should just as soon expect you to block the wheels of progress, and question the utility of the telegraph, the printing press, the telephone and—

Eras. (*yelling*) Baby jumpers! I wish somebody would tie up this critter's 'chia, then—

Ham. You see sir, you're beaten on your own argument.

Eras. Why confound it I havn't had anything to do with the argument. You've had it all your own way and—

Ham. Of course I have sir, showing most conclusively that you had no ground to stand upon. And sir, yours is the fate of every one who has attempted to argue upon false ground. Why sir, the spirit of the age is one vast cycle of progress. Look at our railroads and steamboats—our rapid transmitters of body and thought. Look at—

Eras. (*yells*) Thunder!

Ham. Look at our—

Eras. (*yells*) Fool!

Ham. Look at our unprecedented mining operations: our ships that plough the waters and carry our productions to the grateful nations of the whole earth.

Eras. (*yelling*) Bah—bah—bah—

Ham. I'm in a hurry sir, but most any time, I shall be pleased to argue with you upon any of the absorbing topics of the day. *(exit hastily R.)*

Eras. *(taking a long breath)* Gracious! it seems as if somebody had stopped a loom. He must be a member of a chin gang.

Enter Mrs. Vine R., with her apron to her eyes crying.

Mrs V. Oh dear, I've learned the whole, to think I should have been so blinded—Nettie had the whole story from Mr. Baker, and oh dear, I'm so mortified.

Eras. Well by Jerusalem! This is wus'n 'lother one. *(advances)* ^{*(sobs)*} My dear female—

Mrs V. In my—*(sob)*—unnatural haste for riches—*(sob)*—I've displeased and driven away—*(sob)*—my only means of support. *(sob)* I wish I'd never come here. *(wipes her eyes and looks up, sees Erastus)* Why it's 'Rastus for all the world. How glad I am to see you. *(shakes hands)* Then you are the new boarder?

Eras. Well I vum! Matilda, this beats all nature. I'd no idee this was your house. What yer crying for 'Tilda? Tell me all about it.

Mrs V. Oh, 'Rastus, I must have been out of my senses. My greed for money got the better of my judgment, and my boarders have nearly all left because we lived so cheap. But 'Rastus I see my mistake and I'm ashamed of it.

Eras. Kept 'em on hash didn't ye 'Tilda? That's what the nigger brought me, and he said you made it out'n young puppies, but I don't believe it, now I know it's you that live here.

Mrs V. It's one of that boy's tricks, the scamp. But I never will do so again if I can manage to get my house filled once more, I never'll put a spoonful of hash on the table.

Eras. 'Tilda I heerd ye say ye wished ye's back in Varmount. Come, shut up the house and go with me and fill the place I asked you tu fill once before.

Mrs V. Oh 'Rastus!

Eras. Come 'Tilda, I'm sure you've had enough of boarding house keeping, and sister Saphroncy and I are afired lonesome. What du yer say 'Tilda?

Mrs V. Oh 'Rastus, you're too good and—and—I rather think I will.

Eras. That's right, 'Tilda, I've got a nice place there you know, right lose to the Acadery—so handy to schule, the children you know—

Mrs V. Why 'Rastus!

Eras. It's best to calculate fer all there things you know. The G. M. P. A's. a gude skule, but the grangers—blast 'em—are tryin' ter monopolize it. I call it now the "Granger Monopolist's Private Abode." But 'Tilda, where's yer darter?

Enter Baker, Nettie and Skip, R.

Mrs V. Here she is, 'Rastus this is Nettie, Nettie this—

Skip. *(interrupts)* Mr.—Mr. Gosh all Hemlock—dinner's ready sar, hash all on de table.

Mrs V. Then throw it into the street and we'll all dine at the nearest hotel. Nettie my dear child, we're going home to keep house for 'Rastus.

Net. Perhaps you are mother, but I'm going to stay with Mr. Baker.

Baker. Yes, Mrs. Vine, your daughter has promised to share with me, the joys and sorrows of my life.

Skip. Well I nebber did see sich times!

Eras. Well squire, I 'bout cum tu that conclusion a little while ago.

Net. *(puts her hand over his mouth)* Ah, Mr. Hemlock!

Eras. I won't say a word, gal, not a word.

Skip. *(looking L.)* Here comes Mr. Growly tongue Hammer.

Eras. He's like a spool of thread—warranted two hundred yards, but I hope he won't begin unwindin'.

Enter Hamilton Gower L.

Ham. Ah, pardon me, quite a little gathering. Now I hold that we owe ourselves and society in general—

Eras. Hold on, let me get in a word once in a while, Mr. How you do Gower. *(to Baker)* I am about to say Mr. Baker, that Mrs. Vine and myself are about to follow the example you've set.

Net. Oh Mother!

Mrs V. Why Nettie!

Skip. By golly, dis chile's out ob a job.

Eras. No Skip, I guess I ken find sum'hin' fer yer tu du. But you'd better not try any of them jokes of yours, we shan't need 'em.

Skip. Den you'se gowin' to change de bill ob fare. Well den I don't keer ef I do go along wid you.

Eras. 'Tilda we'll start for Varmount to-morrow and when we git settled quietly down beside the "Granger Monopolist's Mysterious Abode", with a cluster of young Hemlocks about the door, we shall *(to audience)* be glad to welcome any of our friends, and sister Saphroney, 'Tilda and I will set out the best the house affords, and if we've nothing else you'll always find plenty of HASH.

SKIP. NETTIE. BAKER. MATILDA. ERASTUS. HAMILTON.

CURTAIN.

AMES' PLAYS,--CONTINUED.

NO.		M.	F.
46	Man and Wife, drama, 5 acts, by H. A. Web' er.....	12	7
91	Michael Erle, drama, 2 acts, by Egerton Wilks.....	8	3
36	Miller of Derwent Water, drama, 3 acts, by E. Fitzball.....	5	2
89	Mischievous Nigger, ethiopean farce, 1 act, by C. White....	4	2
34	Mistletoe Bough, melo-drama, 2 acts, by C. Somerset.....	7	3
69	Mother's Fool, farce, 1 act, by W. Henri Wilkins.....	6	1
1	Mr. & Mrs. Pringle, farce, 1 act, by Don T. De Treuba Cosio..	7	2
23	My Heart's in the Highlands, farce, 1 act,.....	4	3
32	My Wife's Relations, comedietta, 1 act, by Walter Gordon....	4	4
90	No Cure No Pay, ethiopean farce, 1 act, by G. W. H. Griffin..	3	1
61	Not as Deaf as He Seems, ethiopean farce, 1 act,.....	2	0
37	Not so Bad After All, comedy, 3 acts, by Wybert Reeve.....	6	5
44	Obedience, comedietta, 1 act, by Hattie L. Lambla.....	1	2
81	Old Phil's Birthday, drama, 2 acts, by J. P. Wooler.....	5	2
33	On the Sly, farce, 1 act, by John Madison Morton.....	3	2
109	Other People's Children, etho farce, 1 act, by A. N. Field....	3	2
85	Outcast's Wife, drama, 3 acts, by Colin H. Hazlewood.....	12	3
83	Out on the World, drama, 3 acts,.....	5	4
53	Out in the Streets, temp drama, 3 acts, by S. N. Cook	6	4
57	Paddy Miles' Boy, irish farce, 1 act, by James Pilgrim.....	5	2
29	Painter of Ghent, play, 1 act, by Douglass Jerrold.....	5	2
114	Passions, comedy, 4 acts, by F. Marmaduke Dey.....	8	4
18	Poacher's Doom, domestic drama, 3 acts, by A. D. Ames.....	8	3
51	Rescued, temperance drama, 2 acts, by C. H. Gilbert.....	5	3
110	Reverses, domestic drama, 5 acts, by A. Newton Field.....	12	6
45	Rock Allen the Orphan, drama, 1 act, by W. Henri Wilkins..	5	3
96	Rooms to Let without Board, ethiopean farce, 1 act,.....	2	1
59	Saved, temperance sketch, 1 act, by Edwin Tardy.....	2	3
48	Schnaps, dutch farce, 1 act, by M. A. D. Clifton	1	1
107	School, ethiopean farce, 1 act, by A. Newton Field.....	5	0
115	S. H. A. M. Pinafore, burlesq, 1 act, by W. Henri Wilkins..	5	3
55	Somebody's Nobody, farce, 1 act, by C. A. Maltby.....	3	2
94	Sixteen Thousand Years Ago, ethiopean farce, 1 act,.....	3	0
25	Sport with a Sportsman, ethiopean farce, 1 act,.....	2	0
79	Spy of Atlanta, military allegory, 6 acts, by A. D. Ames....	14	3
92	Stage Struck Darkey, ethiopean farce, 1 act,.....	2	1
10	Stocks Up, Stocks Down, ethiopean farce, 1 act,.....	2	0
62	Ten Nights in a Bar Room, temperance drama, 5 acts,.....	7	3
64	That Boy Sam, etho farce, 1 act, by F. L. Cutler.....	3	1
40	That Mysterious Bundle, farce, 1 act, by H. L. Lambla.....	2	2
38	The Bewitched Closet, sketch, 1 act, by H. L. Lambla.....	5	2
87	The Biter Bit, comedy, 2 acts, by Barham Livius.....	5	2
101	The Coming Man, farce, 1 act, by W. Henri Wilkins.....	3	1
67	The False Friend, drama, 2 act, by Geo. S. Vautrot.....	6	1
97	The Fatal Blow, melo-drama, 2 acts, by Edward Fitzball...7	1	
93	The Gentleman in Black, drama, 2 act, W. H. Murry.....	9	4
112	The New Magdalen, drama, pro 3 acts, by A. Newton Field...8	3	
71	The Reward of Crime, drama, 2 acts, by W. Henri Wilkins..	5	3
16	The Serf, tragedy, 5 acts, by R. Talbot.....	6	3
68	The Sham Professor, farce, 1 act, by F. L. Cutler.....	4	0
6	The Studio, ethiopean farce, 1 act,.....	3	0
102	Turn of the Tide, temp drama, 3 acts, by W. Henri Wilkins..	7	4
54	The Two T. J's, farce, 1 act, by Martin Beecher.....	4	2



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